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The Spectre of a Seamen's Strike

A FEW weeks ago six left-wing CIO unions and one independent formed a maritime federation and it is this federation, about 200,000 strong, that is now threatening to strike on June 15. And there is no question but that they have the power to carry out the threat. Joe Ryan, boss of the East Coast longshoremen (AFL), has been breathing out fire and defiance, and William Green, safe at AFL headquarters in Washington, has announced that the AFL seamen (about 50,000) will not respect the CIO picket lines. But the AFL seamen themselves, who have to run the risks involved in such disrespect, have announced through their secretary, John Hawk, that Brother Green is mistaken.

The strike, when and if it takes place, might have been designed especially as material for a column by Westbrook Pegler. For it will be the first stoppage in a first-class essential industry in which it can be shown that the Communist Party is calling the plays. The CP also quarterbacked the strikes in General Electric, Westinghouse and the New York branch of Western Union, but it could certainly not be said that these strikes had the power, as the maritime strike would have, to cripple both the national and international trade of the country. It is true too that Joe Curran, head of the National Maritime Union, strongest bloc in the new federation, seems to be leading a Browderite revolt against the Fosterites under Harry Bridges. But so far Bridges seems clearly to have the upper hand.

These things being so, it is inevitable that everyone should be looking for political overtones. And there is no question but that the overtones are there. To begin with, the CP is determined to live down its recent past and the Browder policy of class-collaboration, so enthusiastically expressed by Bridges himself several years back when he sold his longshoremen the idea of a post-war no-strike pledge for the indefinite future. How Bridges must blush now to think of it!

It is also true that the CP wants to show the US government that it has the power to paralyze American shipping and that therefore President Truman would do well to take a much more friendly tone toward the Russian fatherland. And since Truman has taken what the CP's, using their own definition of friendship, regard as an unfriendly policy, it is also to their interest to encourage the recent trend in labor circles to look upon the President as having gone suddenly and violently reactionary. And since Truman has already announced his intention of using all the power of the Army and Navy to break the strike, it is only natural that this aspect of the conflict should have been highlighted and sharpened.

There is also a possibility that the CP looks upon the strike as a means of proving to the world that little help can be expected from the US and that therefore it (the world) should turn its eyes and votes toward Russia and communism. It is much more doubtful, however, that the CP's want specifically to cut off relief shipments or regard this angle of the affair as anything but an unfortunate by-product. The union leaders here, in fact, publicly stated that "no legitimate relief ships" will be struck. How will this vague phrase be defined in practice?

Perhaps the most unfortunate by-product of this whole business, however, would be to let the political angle deflect all light from the important economic issues involved. The fact remains that an ordinary seaman in this country still makes only $127.50 a month and works 56 hours a week to make it. And an able-bodied seaman, with $145 a month, does little better. It is to the communists' credit that they have lifted these wages in the last 10 years from really appalling levels, but wages still indicate that the ship owner feels that his employees will always be shiftless and single and that therefore he is justified in taking advantage of that fact.

It is to the discredit of Bridges, Curran, *et al* that they have put their demands on a peak so ridiculously high that only refusal is possible. The ship owners have offered to arbitrate and the unions would be wise to accept the offer.

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At this particular moment of national and international history an effective shipping strike is pretty unthinkable. But wisdom, unfortunately, seems to hold little interest for the CP's at this same moment. As Joe Curran, Fosterite head of the New York strike committee, put it: "Truman will break this strike over our dead bodies." The waterfront storm clouds could scarcely be blacker.

Observing the Votes: France Italy

ELECTIONS show that the Christian Democrat is the biggest party in Italy and the Popular Republican Movement is the largest in France. These elections have been events and symptoms which are too complex and debatable to cover quickly and briefly.

In general, the elections were doubtless a check to communist expansion in the political life of Western Europe, and a good thing. They are justifiably hailed as giving a lift to the type of free democracy which embodies checks and balances, a bill of rights conception of individual liberty and security, and general constitutionalism. The socialist parties were again found in the grinder, too vaguely placed between the communists, who are better able to capitalize the more objectionable features of Marxism, and the radically democratic social Christians, who have taken over much of the "rationalizing" material of revisionist Marxism, while more clearly proclaiming the non-materialistic elements and ends of personal and social life. *Right* and *Left* as descriptions of current political parties have become even more scrambled terms, and careful thinking, talking and journalism ought to throw them out. As far as authoritarian policies and tendencies go, the communists are way over on the rightist fringe. As far as current programs for trust busting and public ownership of public service enterprises go, parties like the M.R.P. are Left. . . . Throw the labels out!

An election does not display accurately the relative power of political groups; the vote is not identifiable with the strength of a party. Many important elements do not come clearly into even the best set up of elections: the relative discipline and degree of attachment of members; the hold of parties on "non-political" sources of social power (e.g. capitalists in possession; managers and bureaucrats in position); relative clarity of program and closeness of program to an underlying philosophy; the education and training of members; foreign help.

Neither in Italy nor in France (and in all Europe it has been largely the same) have the successes of the, broadly speaking, Christian Democratic parties been flukes of reconversion. (The building up of the tradition and competence deserve longer treatment later.) Don Sturzo and the old Popular Party are leaders in Italy as well as De Gasperi and the Christian Democrats. The leading position of the MRP in France brings a tribute to all the leaders of the remarkable Catholic renaissance between the wars as well as to the recent Resistance leaders and current heads of the party. The Christian Democrats have channelized a genuinely popular movement, based upon the real people and standing with experimental and intelligent sympathy upon a clearer understanding of the human condition than any other political movement of Europe.

They are not sectarian or narrowly *Catholic* parties in either France or Italy, but their strength clearly comes in largest measure from the Catholics of those countries. Those are the Catholics who have broken all to pieces the prejudiced assumption of the enemies of the Church, and of powerful groups of self-consciously rich, well born and highly placed faithful within the Church, that the soundest political reaction of the good and humble faithful ought to be always reactionary. That would be the reverse of the score of the present elections. These parties are attempting progressively to create a politics while they are going on to win elections.

Improvement in Radio

VIEWED as a commercial enterprise, the American radio has been astoundingly successful. Profits in terms of percentages of original investment have been amazing. The best of its commercial programs are technically admirable. Yet no one can deny that the radio has fallen far short of what it might be as an instrument for progress. It is typical of this country that we should have faced the problems inherent in this new medium by refusing government ownership. We have insisted that radio should be an industry, and we have let our advertisers foot all the bills. No one seriously suggests that this should be changed, yet a great many people have been mightily troubled by the results and have felt that regulation has long been due. More and more have our programs tended to be wrecked by injudicious "commercials," and more and more has the bulk of the commercial programs sought the lowest and broadest level of appeal. Controversial matter, except in terms of political speeches, is anathema to the selling mind.

Of course regulatory powers were almost from the beginning lodged in an appropriate government agency, and they have from time to time been renewed. In order to prevent radio stations from abusing the public interest, the Federal Communications Commission grants wave-length licenses for only three years, and in the renewal of these licenses the nature of a station's performance may be taken into account. In March

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of this year the FCC issued a document pointing in great detail to the abuses which have arisen in radio and stating that an improper neglect of "sustaining" programs, refusal to broadcast material of a controversial nature relating to public issues, the absence of a sufficient quantity of locally-produced programs and too great an emphasis on the commercial would all be considered in future license renewals or in the granting of new licenses. The FCC properly and carefully avoided too precise a statement of what it wanted, but even its suggestion of the need for a house-cleaning produced loud squawks from the radio moguls. They have now, however, yielded to discretion somewhat. Indeed on Saturday evening, June 1, for the first time in the history of the major networks, the Columbia Broadcasting System allowed a general criticism of American radio to be forcibly expressed on a coast to coast network. A week earlier the Republican National Chairman, Mr. Carroll Reece, had attacked government regulation of radio programs. At once the American Civil Liberties Union demanded equal facilities for a rebuttal. Columbia acquiesced, and Mr. Thurman Arnold had the pleasure of pointing out to a national audience what most sensible people view as the abuses of the American radio. A few months ago no one would have thought such a thing possible.

Elements in the Spanish Question

CURRENT world opinion on the Franco régime goes back directly to two wars. The first, the Spanish Civil War, which developed from a revolt of the Spanish army into an all-out ideological conflict between Right and Left, ultimately into a preliminary, try-out conflict between European nazi-fascists and communists, aroused political passions the world over — mostly against the Caudillo. In World War II, the ideological battle was intensified, if complicated by the major anti-fascist rôle played by the political democracies. In any case hostility to Franco grew as the struggle against his allies reached its height. When Mussolini and Hitler went down ignominiously, Franco was left with scarcely a single friend. The unmistakable general tendencies of his record during the war, coupled with the almost universal dislike inspired by his repressive régime, do much to explain the current conclusions of the UN subcommittee charged with reporting on the Spanish matter.

There is more to the situation than widespread anti-fascist sentiment and passion, however. For one thing the strategic considerations arising from Spain's key position on the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. Also puppet-Poland's Spanish move may be viewed as a means of taking up valuable UN time, of directing attention away from immediate political aggressions in Eastern Europe and the Far East, of providing widely-accepted countercharges to present and future complaints against the Soviets. Since this activity within the UN framework is one which accords with sentiments developed by most of the Allied nations during the past decade, it has worked quite smoothly thus far. It is that clever.

Indeed nearly everyone, including ourselves, would be happier if Franco would recognize the wall handwriting and abdicate in favor of some workable provisional government. We want him to go and want free elections in Spain, but it does make a difference how his disappearance is effected. We wish a new régime primarily for the benefit of the Spanish people—not for the purpose of settling old scores, of continuing the war or of rounding out the fiction that democracy now reigns everywhere. Above all, not as a tool in power politics: helping the morale of one great tyranny by overthrowing a decidedly lesser one. No nation of 26,000,000—or any smaller one for that matter—should serve as a pawn in power politics. Nor should the UN mechanism lend itself to any sort of hypocritical exploitation of smaller nations.

Because Spain is comparatively a small nation, unable even to threaten its neighbors, let alone imperil peace if left to herself, the interests of the Spanish people come first here. Therefore anything calculated to start up another bloody civil war—be it an economic blockade or outright armed intervention — is against the common interest.

And He Rescued Hundreds of US Airmen!

HEARINGS of the Commission of Inquiry held at the New York County Lawyers' Association, May 13-18, examined three kinds of witnesses: members of American missions officially attached to General Draja Mihailovich, members of American missions officially attached to Marshal Tito, American airmen forced down by enemy action in Yugoslavia. "No evidence was adduced before the Commission which tended to show any collaboration between General Mihailovich and the Axis Powers. On the contrary all the evidence tended strongly to disprove the existence of any such collaboration . . . all the witnesses testified that in Mihailovich's territory they were allowed to go freely and without escort, wherever they wanted, to talk without restriction to civilians and soldiers alike and to make whatever observations they wished. . . ." The New York *Times* reports (June 4) that on June 10 at Belgrade Mihailovich would "enter the prisoner's dock a tortured and broken man, ready to affirm any confession and any charge in order to avoid a return to his torture cell. . . ."

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Minutes on Our Destiny

The magnitude and density of the world's problem.

Ely Culbertson

I WAS once asked: What are the most important five years in the history of humanity? The answer was obvious to me: Any five years in the life of Christ on this earth. He brought the revaluation of all human values, basing them on the most revolutionary of all human concepts: Love thy neighbor. He brought out the supreme law of all societies—the Law of Cooperation. For "Love thy neighbor" means cooperate with thy neighbor; and the "survival of the fittest" does not mean the survival of the most brutal, but of the best cooperative.

But if anyone should ask me: except for the time of Christ, what are the most important five years in the history of humanity? then my answer would not be so obvious. For in my opinion the most important five years in history are not in the dim past but in the present. They are the years from 1945 to 1950.

The year 1945 was the year of victory over black totalitarianism. Above all, it marked the beginning of the Atomic Revolution. The world-shaking discovery of atomic power, the greatest since the discovery of fire, can have only one of two end-results: either the unparalleled shattering of our civilization through atomic blasts, or an unparalleled era of peaceful science and mass happiness. Today, and during a few short years, it lies in the power of the United States, in cooperation with other peaceful nations, to determine which of these two patterns will shape the present and future history of humanity. Never before has a nation had such opportunity to do so much good or to commit irreparable blunders. And never before was there a nation whose immense power was so sharply limited by *time*.

By 1950, if we do nothing meanwhile, the atomic armament race will be under way. The United States will have lost by default her moral leadership of the world. And she will have lost her tremendous physical superiority to the rapidly expanding and industrializing Russia.

We have now moved well into 1946—one of our decisive five years has already been spent. What have we accomplished to insure world peace after victory, and to remove the cloud of the atomic bomb now hanging over every American home? Exactly nothing. The tragic truth is that we are losing the atomic peace. We are moving in circles upon the shallow tides of noble generalities and pious exhortations. Never before in history has there been such a suicidal waste of time and power by a great state in the face of such obvious and implacable dangers. During this year of victory not one basic problem of the peace has been settled among the Big Five powers while the United Nations organization has been sinking deeper and deeper into the quagmire of power politics. Our foreign policy has been consistent on two points only—delay in doing anything constructive about the atomic bomb, and appeasement of Russia. The policy of delay and appeasement will continue in the future, since it is inherent in the present policy of the Administration, which is far more interested in winning the November elections under the false color of "peace in our time" than in winning the atomic peace. Mr. Byrnes's heralded "peace offensive" risks being no more than a new and bigger appeasement. The real defeat will be disguised under meaningless "concessions" by Russia, but the Western world will once again retain the shadow of the United Nations while the communist state will consolidate the substance of its vast zones of influence.

Thus, while the State Department fiddles, Byrnes roams. And he roams in vain.

How did it happen that in this year of victory the foreign policy of the mightiest nation of all time has suffered defeat after defeat, while the foreign policy of Communist Russia has achieved in one short year victories beyond the dreams of generations of Czars?

There are many reasons: post-war let-down, moral defeatism, and bitter divisions within the country. But the main reason lies in the total lack of a practical, firm and effective master-plan for American foreign policy.

Throughout the war a group of Americans, including myself, have devoted most of our time to building and testing of just such a plan. The atomic bomb, far from nullifying our efforts, has merely confirmed that we moved in the right direction. I myself became a kind of one-man Peace Foundation, endowed not by Carnegie or Rockefeller but by the bridge players. I was able to travel everywhere, to talk with everybody on problems of peace, to probe, to test. Throughout

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the country I held discussion-forums to test the public reaction to our modern plan for American foreign policy. Privately I held many meetings with the best minds I could gather, to mold, to shape and to improve the plan. There were many heated arguments representing many viewpoints.

I should like to reproduce here the substance of some of these discussions—the "minutes of the meetings" so to speak—which I held at different times with my friends and friendly enemies. In this article I shall deal with discussions concerning the background of the plan, of the basic problems of our foreign policy. In the next article I shall take up discussions concerning the plan itself and the solution of the problems—from the atomic bomb to the communist bomb.

★

I remember particularly a forum-discussion which I recently held with the members of a mid-western university faculty. The object of this forum was to try to reach some agreement as to the causes of war, the forces which make nations behave as they do; and to relate these forces to the world situation today and tomorrow.

I. Let us consider first some of the yardsticks by which we can measure the events of today so as to plan for tomorrow. At the beginning of this century men and women of good will were convinced that, thanks to science, education and religion, humanity was marching on an ever-ascending spiral of progress. We anticipated that the human race might, after all, become a family of Abels. And then, suddenly, with the First and Second World Wars, humanity retrogressed morally to the times of Genghis Khan. Torture returned from the incredible past. And millions of Abels became Cains. What are the causes of such an unheard-of transformation? What are the reasons for this unparalleled era of great wars and turmoil—an era which does not promise to abate but is already increasing in scope and violence?

DEAN OF WOMEN. The decline of religious and educational values. The rise of totalitarian statism.

I. True. But what are the causes behind this decline of spiritual values?

ECONOMIST. The general cause, I should say, lies in the breakdown of the immemorial pattern of the agricultural civilization, brought about by the industrial revolution.

I. That is also profoundly true. The walls ten thousand years high of the agrarian civilization are crumbling all around us. And humanity finds itself in a tragic midstream: having left the shores of the agrarian civilization sometime in the eighteenth century, it has not yet found the firm shores of our present scientific civilization. But there is one dominant and specific cause of our era—and that is the revolution in the nature of military weapons and in communications.

DEAN OF WOMEN. One world!

I. Yes, one world, but the more it shrinks the more it . . . smells. As a result of this revolution in military weapons, wars are no longer fought by fighting men against fighting men with weapons as mere accessories. They are fought by fighting machines against fighting machines, with men as mere auxiliaries. Our machine age has run amok. The same industrial and scientific revolution that carries the greatest hopes of humanity also seems to carry the seeds of its own dissolution.

HISTORIAN. I don't agree. We have survived thousands of wars, including the last one, fought with your fighting machines. And we'll survive again.

PHYSICIST. Such optimism is no longer justified. Not today. Not with the atomic bomb! The wars of the nineteenth and earlier centuries were but scratches on the face of humanity. Even the last World War, horrible as it was, was a picnic compared to the Third World War, or First Atomic War.

ECONOMIST. I understand we have a new crop-destroying virus that would condemn millions to automatic famine, slaughtering them before they are even ready to fight.

DEAN OF WOMEN. There is no limit to the devilish ingenuity of man when it comes to the killing of his fellow-man.

PHYSICIST. And don't forget that atomic gas radiations will finish whatever is left after the atomic bomb has devastated cities and the crop-destroying virus has devastated the countryside. *We cannot stand a third world war!*

POLITICAL SCIENTIST. I think we are all agreed on that. Perhaps we can decide how to avoid a third world war if we can determine the basic cause of all war.

HISTORIAN. There are many kinds of war . . .

I. I assume our friend means aggressive war.

POLITICAL SCIENTIST. Well, aggressive war has never been satisfactorily defined. The League of Nations people tried to do it, in vain. The statesmen would never agree.

I. Many of the statesmen were looking for a definition that would leave their countries free to do what they wanted and would still limit the others. I submit that aggressive war can be defined in one sentence: Aggressive war is an attack with weapons of violence by a sovereign state or its citizens against the recognized territories of another sovereign state.

HISTORIAN. How about aggression on the high seas?

POLITICAL SCIENTIST. The ship under a flag of a nation is the territory of that nation. Your definition would be all right if all states would recognize the territories of the other states. But

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look at the situation today. There is hardly a border which isn't disputed.

I. That too can be solved, as I will show later. But for the present let's get back to the cause of aggressive war.

ECONOMIST. The principal cause of aggressive war is the lack of economic justice in the world. If everyone had enough to eat . . .

EDUCATOR. The principal cause of aggressive war is the lack of education in the spirit of world citizenship. If we could give correct education to just one generation of children . . .

THEOLOGIAN. The principal cause is the lack of spiritual education for the brotherhood of man. If we could change the heart of man . . .

HISTORIAN. People have been trying to supply all three of these lacks for centuries; and yet wars always come and create more economic injustice, distort your education, and create hate instead of brotherhood. You just don't have time, between wars, to remove enough of the causes to prevent the next one.

I. But there is one cause of aggressive war which transcends all other causes. It is the absence of a central authority in the relation among states.

HISTORIAN. Another absence of something to cause the presence of something else!

I. In any community, however primitive, there is always a judge and a policeman to prevent the violence of the few from disturbing the peace of the many. But in the community of nations there is no higher law, no world judge and no world policeman. As a result, there is only the anarchy of sovereign states.

EDUCATOR. But in a community the best way to attack crime is through education.

ECONOMIST. And improvement of economic conditions.

I. Thanks to religion and education, 99 percent of mankind voluntarily obeys the laws of God and society. But there is one percent of devils—the mad, the greedy and the fanatic ones. For them you need a policeman, a system based on force.

DEAN OF WOMEN. For them you need a system to prevent their controlling governments. If every nation were a true democracy in which the people freely expressed their wishes, then there would be no more war. Because, as you say, 99 percent of mankind doesn't want war.

EDUCATOR. Bravo! And the basis of a true democracy is an educated citizenry.

ECONOMIST. And an economically secure citizenry.

HISTORIAN. The Germans were one of the most highly educated people in the world. The Weimar Republic had a very democratic constitution. And economically they were not half as badly off as the Chinese, for instance, or India. But look what happened!

I. I'm afraid we're going around in circles. The establishment of world-wide democracy, economic justice, education and religion are all supremely important in insuring lasting peace. And each depends in part upon the others. But you admit that all of this takes time.

DEAN OF WOMEN. With modern communications and techniques we can do it all much more quickly than ever before.

HISTORIAN. Those same modern communications and propaganda techniques can be used to even better advantage by would-be dictators and warlords. You still won't have time to reform the world before the next war comes.

I. The problem of aggressive war—an international crime—can be simplified by comparing it to the problem of dealing with crime in any community. Education and economic justice are the most important methods of dealing with crime. But the most *urgent* method is the method of organized force. Without policemen to enforce law and order in a community, it would be impossible to carry out the economic and educational methods. Remove the police force from Chicago, even for twenty-four hours, and it would be impossible to open the schools. Similarly with the international crime of aggression. All three methods must be used almost simultaneously, but *first of all* there must be an international system—with a higher law, a court and an armed force—to make it impossible for any state or its citizens to attack successfully the territory of another state. If the society of nations can be emancipated from the slavery of aggressive war for two or three generations, then and only then can education and economic justice make lasting peace a reality.

HISTORIAN. If! But how? How is your international system going to prevent war?

I. By first attacking the *means* of waging war, which are few, rather than the *causes* of war, which are many. The means of waging war are the modern fighting machines, the scientific weapons, including the atomic bomb. These fighting machines require for their production the resources of continents, and the skilled labor of millions of men. Hence, they are easily controllable.

HISTORIAN. How are you going to control fighting machines today? The relations among states today, as in the past, are governed by the law of tooth and claw. We call that power politics. The only security for any state lies in being stronger than its rivals. And every state therefore has to keep all the armament it can lay its hands on, not disarm. We tried disarmament after the First World War.

I. I don't mean disarmament. I grant you that is impossible today. But *limitation* of armament would be possible if we had a central authority to enforce it. We didn't try *that* after the First

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World War—not a *real,* effective central authority.

DEAN OF WOMEN. I don't see why nations can't act like individuals. Why can't they be ruled by the law of cooperation rather than the law of tooth and claw?

I. Because there is no central authority, no law, no judge, no policeman.

HISTORIAN. As a result of the anarchy of sovereign states, we see today the same situation that has repeated itself hundreds of times in the past. Two dominant states have arisen, and each is afraid of the other. Sooner or later one will attack the other. This has happened with Rome and Carthage, with Athens and Sparta. And today we have Russia and the United States, in a coming struggle for the hegemony of the world.

POLITICAL SCIENTIST. Granting that we live in a world of power politics, this can only favor the United States. We are the mightiest nation today. If we remain strong, how could Russia dare to attack us? And why should we attack Russia?

I. You forget the most important factor—the factor of time. Today we are all-powerful. But our immense power is ephemeral. In two or three years Russia will have her own stockpiles of atomic bombs. Isn't that correct?

PHYSICIST. I should say three to five years. But the principle is the same. Furthermore, there is no reason why Russia, with her superior manpower and enormous resources, should not be able to catch up to the United States in atomic bomb production and eventually surpass us. The United States and England do not have a monopoly on scientific brains.

ECONOMIST. Industrially, also, Russia will catch up with us. Look what they have accomplished in the last twenty-five years! They have advanced as far industrially as we did in a hundred years.

HISTORIAN. They haven't caught up to us yet.

I. No, but they will very soon. First, they have nearly two hundred million people, as against our 140 million. Then they control 160 million more in Eastern Europe and their half of Germany. Whenever needed, Russia can find scores of millions more in the power vacuum of the Middle and Far East. Further, as a totalitarian state, Russia can concentrate most of her labor and industries on military rearmament at a lowering of living standards unthinkable here. Because of Russia's strategic position, even today there is no nation or combination of nations in Europe or Asia that could prevent Russia from occupying all of Europe, Asia and Africa. Only the might of the United States, thousands of miles away, still holds Russia in check. But in ten years—even if we are stronger industrially—we could not prevent Russia from moving virtually at will in Europe and Asia. For Russia could move across the land, and increase her strength as she did so. We are separated from Eurasia by a vast expanse of water. And in ten years we will no longer have the necessary three-to-one superiority. What, then, is to prevent Russia from conquering piecemeal all of Eurasia and then pick off the Western Hemisphere when she is ready?

DEAN OF WOMEN. But why should Russia do all these things? Even if she is stronger than we are in ten years, why can't we be friends with her?

HISTORIAN. She is already expanding and rearming right and left. Why should she stop? Why not make the world safe for communism?

DEAN OF WOMEN. Russia is expanding and rearming because she is afraid of a capitalist coalition. She has every reason to be suspicious of the United States and Britain. How would we feel if Russia had the atomic bomb?

ECONOMIST. If we gave Russia our atomic bomb secrets and granted her the bases which she feels she needs for her security, she would no longer have reason to fear us.

HISTORIAN. But how can you be *sure* that Russia wouldn't use atomic bombs against us? How can you be sure she would stop expanding? What guarantee is there to the United States that Russia won't attack us in ten or fifteen years, when she becomes strong enough?

ECONOMIST. What guarantee is there to Russia that the Anglo-Americans won't attack her in five years, before she becomes strong enough to defend herself?

I. There is no such guarantee to either the United States or Russia. For us, it does not really matter whether Russia is expanding for defense or offense. We can't afford to wait to find out. We must act *now,* while we are still powerful, to establish a system whereby we can't attack Russia today and she can't attack us later.

HISTORIAN. No such system has ever worked. The only device that has worked in the past is a preventive war. If Russia will have atomic bombs in five years and will be generally stronger than we are in ten years, there is only one thing for us to do: attack her now, before she becomes too strong.

DEAN OF WOMEN. What! *Attack* Russia?

HISTORIAN. "What! *Attack* Germany?" That's what the French said in 1935. If they had behaved logically then, the Second World War could have been avoided.

I. A war between the United States and Russia would be a catastrophe of centuries. I thought we were agreed that we couldn't stand another war. Furthermore, we would lose the most precious of our possessions—democracy. Another war, especially a war to reduce Russia, would only mean dictatorship in America.

HISTORIAN. Don't misunderstand me. I hate war as much as anyone else. But I would rather

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have war now, while we could be sure of winning it, than have a bigger war later, which we would in all probability lose. War in a few more years would mean an atomic war. Why should we risk the destruction of our cities—the destruction of twenty or thirty million American lives—perhaps the destruction of our whole country, its government and its institutions—when we could finish it all now in a few weeks?

ECONOMIST. Just *how* would you finish it?

HISTORIAN. The President of the United States would issue an ultimatum, telling Russia to withdraw all her troops from Eastern Europe and wherever else she has them, to demobilize her vast armies and to stop producing armament. Russia would refuse. Then we could tell them to evacuate certain key cities because they were going to be atom-bombed. If she did not comply, we would send over atomic bombers. After Russia submitted, we would carefully supervise her future industrial production and be sure she didn't rearm or produce atomic bombs.

DEAN OF WOMEN. Incredible!

HISTORIAN. Incredible? If Stalin were in our position, would he hesitate? Let's be logical.

I. Yes, let's be logical. And also let's be psychological. Just *who* is going to issue your ultimatums and declare war? Byrnes? Truman? Congress? The democratic structure of this country makes such a course absolutely impossible.

HISTORIAN. Why?

I. Because logic alone does not determine the actions of a people, particularly in a democracy. Unless misled by propaganda, the people never *want* war, whether in a democratic or totalitarian state. But the choice of war in a totalitarian state is made at the top level. In a democracy, it isn't. Why, if any American politician today even *suggested* war, he would be voted out of office. Bad news is bad politics. And "warmonger" is one of the most dreadful epithets you can apply to a democratic politician. Therefore, few American politicians would dare to advocate war, even if they were convinced of its logical necessity.

DEAN OF WOMEN. That is what I mean about eliminating war if all countries were democracies.

I. But until all countries are simon-pure democracies, the democracies are at a terrific disadvantage. This deep difference between the stubbornly peaceful democracy and the coldly rational totalitarian state forms the basis of the psychological trap in which the democratic politicians always find themselves.

POLITICAL SCIENTIST. That explains what happened to France and Germany. Hitler started rearming furiously and expanding militantly in 1933. As late as 1936 a few French divisions were enough to stop him, even without Britain's aid. But only force could stop him, and the democratic politicians didn't dare use even the threat of force against Germany; while the reactionary politicians favored Hitler anyway. The French politicians sooner or later had to relieve the diplomatic tensions, and the price of that relief was appeasement. Hitler and Mussolini knew that the French and British democracies were profoundly pacifist and that their politicians, therefore, could only bluff. Appeasement followed appeasement.

I. And that is exactly what is happening today. A threat or a show of force—I certainly don't want to imply that I favor the policy of a preventive war; but there are other ways of being diplomatically firm—would stop the militant expansion of the Soviet rulers within two weeks. Russia would withdraw to her rightful frontiers behind the Curzon Line. But the Soviet rulers are brilliant psychologists. They know perfectly well that the Anglo-American politicians are psychologically helpless. So they are playing a brilliant and colossal game of bluff, being virtually certain that the bluff cannot be called.

POLITICAL SCIENTIST. You mean that democratic politicians, by profession, are natural-born appeasers.

I. I do. Out of this psychological trap comes the following vicious circle: Russia grabs a new country. The Anglo-Americans engage in diplomatic war; they refuse to recognize the puppet government of the country. Tension mounts. People are worried and depressed. Russia proceeds to entrench herself more firmly.

HISTORIAN. And this is the time for the Anglo-Americans to show force.

I. *But this is the one thing they cannot do!* They cannot increase the international tension—that would increase the political tension at home.

POLITICAL SCIENTIST. So the State Department works feverishly on a formula, an area of agreement.

I. And after hard bargaining—hard for us—a new appeasement is consummated, the international tension is relieved, and our punch-happy politicians rush back home on the crest of a new wave of phony optimism, preferably timed before the coming election. Later, Russia, encouraged, grabs another country, and the same cycle is repeated.

HISTORIAN. Sad but true. All the same, unless this vicious circle of appeasement is stopped, we are going to find ourselves at the mercy of Russia in a few years. Just how do you propose to stop it?

I. There is only one way in which the great peace party in the United States can throw its weight on the side of peace instead of appeasement. That is the way of a truly effective international organization to stop war. We have seen that we must either conquer the world or conquer war. We don't want to conquer the world, and

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so long as we are a democracy we couldn't even start in that direction. Therefore we have no choice: We must conquer war.

HISTORIAN. How?

I. By setting up an effective central authority.

HISTORIAN. But just how do you think you are going to establish a central authority strong enough to prevent aggression, strong enough to override the forces of power politics, strong enough to curb the anarchy of sovereign states—when it is the governments of the sovereign states themselves that have to establish it? How are you going to get them to accept such an authority—and accept it within the five-year time limit you have established? . . .

★

And that is the question for my next article.

Free in the World

John C. Cort

WHEN YOU'VE spent some time on your back in a hospital—and by time is meant not a few days, not a few weeks, not a few months, but a few years—then when you're getting well you have to go right back to the beginning and learn to live again. You go back to the fundamentals—standing and walking—and take it from there.

You get out of bed, put on your clothes, stand on your feet and walk. You walk beyond the bathroom, beyond the end of the hall, beyond the front door downstairs and, briefly, out onto the grounds. The walls come tumbling down, the ceiling is lifted off, and all around and above you is open air, blue air, fresh air—free of the slightest fragrance of antiseptic or cooking cabbage. It is a wonderful feeling. There are also gulls flying in the air—clean, white, graceful gulls—and they serve very nicely as a symbol of release.

Sometimes you go walking in the evening, in the fading twilight, when the sky has that pale, golden blue quality that you see sometimes in pre-Raphaelite paintings. The Madonna and Child will be in the foreground, sometimes in a strangely gothic or romanesque stable, and off in the background, seen through the arches, there will be this golden blue sky and the green Italian hills. At the hospital, however, we have the sky, twilight edition, but a very different foreground. Nothing elaborate. Just trees—trees in the first budding of March, trees silhouetted against the golden sky in a kind of lacework, a kind of intricate, delicate tracery that everyone has seen a million times, but which strikes you at the time as very lovely indeed.

So much for the early maneuvers. There comes finally the day when you receive your discharge. You are a free man for the first time in several years. You can go and come as you please, or just sit still and not move an inch. It is like getting out of the army, only more so. It is like getting out of jail, only less so. You aren't under a cloud like the ex-con. Neither are you under a rosy nimbus like the ex-GI. You are just another guy, free in the world, with a future ahead of you and a full set of endless, interesting possibilities. This freedom is something you cannot understand if you have known it too long, but if you have been parted from it for a while, then you know, every inch of you, just how precious a pearl it is, and you thank God for it in your heart.

And yet there is a curious thought that sobers you. It is this: your joy at returning to the world is really a measure of your own weakness. If you were a saint, you would have been just about as happy in the hospital as you could be anywhere. You would have rejoiced in the isolation and the rigid routine. In the sickness and death around you, in the suffering and despair, you would have seen boundless opportunities for Christian love. And if you were really concerned with perfection, you would be scared stiff at the dangers and distractions and temptations of the world. It may be that when you returned to the world you actually passed from the more free to the less free. A sobering thought it is.

In any case you are out, and very happy you are. So you go to the country for a week, and when you wake up in the morning you are as excited as a child for no other reason than that you will now have a chance to see some interesting birds. Because you are slightly nuts about birds. The hospital was in a suburban section, with a great noisy parkway right in its lap, and there was nothing much around but starlings, robins, English sparrows, grackles and the like. You had to be tough to be a bird in that neighborhood; you had to have muscles.

But now we are in the country and anything is possible, so when you begin to hear the sound of unaccustomed songs, you leap from your bed and grab the field glasses. And there, on the trunk

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of a tree right beneath your window, is a gorgeous yellow-bellied sapsucker. No kidding. There is such a bird, and it is the first one you have ever seen. You also see ruby-crowned kinglets and slate-colored juncos, not quite so rare, and a few minutes later the song of a meadowlark calls you again from your bed with all the alacrity of Peel's view-halloo. He is sitting in the top branches of a small tree maybe 50 feet away, wearing the yellow sweater with the big V-neck. And he is singing a song that is high and sad and sweet.

It is possible too to appreciate this without believing that the meadowlark has the soul of a poet, or any such nonsense. Actually, he is singing to attract a mate or to warn any other male meadowlark to keep out of his territory. Probably the latter. But it is still beautiful. Which reminds you of Rampion's remark in "Point Counter Point" that he wished Shelley's famous skylark had dropped a good juicy mess in the poet's eye. It would have brought him down to earth, said Rampion.

During this week you also see some hawks, which makes you happiest of all. Some people hate hawks and shoot them on sight. Personally, you believe that anyone who shoots a hawk should be shot himself. Not shot dead perhaps, but at least pinked in the fleshy part of the leg. You are willing to make allowances for the farmer who actually catches a hawk in the act of killing a chicken or other domestic fowl, but for nobody else. And certainly not for the trigger-happy hunter who can't stand the idea of a hawk getting one duck the hard way, while he is blasting a hundred of them out of the sky from his cozy ambush in a nice warm blind.

The point is this: scientific investigation has proved that most hawks don't kill either chickens or ducks, for the simple reason that they either aren't fast enough or that they actually prefer frogs, snakes, grasshoppers, moles, mice and other menaces to the crops. For example, most farmers call the big soaring hawks, such as the common red-tail and red-shoulder, "hen hawks," whereas the actual fact is that these hawks almost never kill a hen unless it is handed to them on a silver platter. And they do kill a lot of crop-destroying rodents. The Cooper's hawk and the sharpshin do go after chickens, but because they are fast and elusive and because the red-tail and red-shoulder are slow, the latter get shot for the former's crime. This is injustice—stark, staring injustice. The fact is that the average farmer and the average hunter don't know one hawk from another, and that is why the only decent rule is to shoot only when you have the goods on the bird.

The reason you get so excited about this is that you are one of a large number of Americans who pay taxes, just like the farmers and the trigger-happy hunters, and who think that hawks are among the most noble, the most beautiful and the most magnificent creatures ever created by a noble, beautiful and magnificent God. Who can do justice to the unique qualities of these birds? Who can match the peregrine falcon (duck hawk) for speed and perfectly coordinated power? Who can compare with the easy grace of a red-shoulder "making lazy circles in the sky," as the line in "Oklahoma" has it? Who can emulate the royal dignity of any member of the clan? Certainly not the men who sit in the halls of any contemporary presidents or kings. Up with the hawks!

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When you return to New York, you go into Central Park to see what you can see. And what you see, among other things, is a handsome scarlet tanager. This scarlet tanager is flying around and about quite close to the ground and occasionally sitting still, perfectly agreeable to the idea of being admired. But outside of yourself none of the people who are wandering around and about will give him so much as a tumble. It appears that they don't even see him. Finally you can't stand it any more and you point out the tanager to two boys who happen to be playing there. You lend them your field glasses so they can get a good look, and then they are amazed — absolutely amazed and delighted that they should be able to see something so rare and wondrous as a scarlet tanager right there in Central Park.

The moral of this story would seem to be that beauty is everywhere and that all we have to do is to look for it. It's a corny moral and, as a matter of fact, quite untrue. The fact is that scarlet tanagers, and other interesting, attractive birds, can be seen in Central Park for only a few days each year, during the spring and fall, when the migrations are in full swing. The rest of the time the park is mighty poor pickings. So the correct moral would be: beauty drops around every now and then, mostly then, and if your eyes are trained to see it and you happen to be on your toes, you might get a look at something pretty exciting. And perhaps it would be a good idea if you remembered to bring your field glasses.

But that's going too far in the other direction. At least in New York, at least for a man just out of a hospital where a young woman (nurse or nun) was apparently viewed by the authorities as a menace to the patients' health, there was beauty around every corner. Did anyone ever see so many pretty girls? And this is not to fall in with the phoney propaganda of Mr. I. J. Fox, the furrier, to the effect that "all girls are beautiful."

As a matter of fact, the large number of good-looking women in the world is a powerful argument for the Catholic tabu on remarriage as long as you both shall live. Because if multiple mar-

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riage is possible, then it would seem that Tommy Manville really has the right idea, namely, to marry as many as possible in the shortest possible time before the grim reaper reduces you to eternal celibacy. If you limit yourself to one wife you may be miserable, but at least you can relax in your misery. And maybe get a little work done.

So you're back in New York. It was probably Aldous Huxley again who made the observation that "modern cities are nothing but great garbage heaps." If this is true, which it is and isn't, then New York City is surely one of the greatest, most fragrant, most wonderful and exciting garbage heaps of them all. It is really not possible to claim that it is beautiful in the sense that Paris is beautiful. Seen across the water, as you approach from Europe or Hoboken, preferably at night, it can be quite breathtaking. Or if you happen to live near Central Park, a pleasure reserved for the rich or the lucky, then your eyes may be refreshed and delighted many times, especially in the evening when the lights in the tall apartment houses, seen across the park, seem like enchanted cities, like faery castles, rising out of a forest. But ordinarily, as you tramp about the hard, treeless, exhaust-laden streets, sunk between the skyscrapers like a man at the bottom of a well, there is precious little relief for your weary eyes, ears and nose.

The pleasure of living in New York, strange as it may sound, is more a pleasure of the mind and the spirit. One thing the agrarians continually forget, to their cost, is that man is by definition a gregarious animal. It is true that New York is so ridiculously large that it is almost easier to be lonely there than it is on the plains of South Dakota. But once you get acquainted, as the saying is, then it is a pretty sure thing that no matter who you are or what you do, you will be able to find more people like yourself doing what you do better than anyone else anywhere else in the country.

To repeat a phrase already used, New York is full of endless, interesting possibilities. Bad possibilities, evil possibilities, ugly possibilities. But also good possibilities, beautiful possibilities. You may go to a low, dirty dive, or even a nice, clean, expensive dirty dive. Or you can go to the Paulist Church or St. Ignatius Loyola and hear them singing Palestrina and Gregorian chant. And then, too, it is stimulating to think that, whether or not you want to go to play or read a magazine, there are nevertheless more plays produced and more magazines published here than in all other American cities put together.

And now you're working in New York. And what a pleasure it is to be able to work, in New York or anywhere. Just to be able to get up too early in the morning, to walk too far down past the park to Mass and/or breakfast, to squeeze into the too smelly subway with too many people—what a pleasure! To get that envelope every Friday with the lovely green stuff in it, to be independent—what an altogether inexpressible pleasure!

But all the time there is the sobering thought of the men you left behind you in the hospital. In that hospital it seemed to you that the chances of a patient getting well again were somewhere between 1 to 10 and 1 to 20. Not so much because it was a poor hospital, but because most of the patients sent there were the worst possible cases. You knew men who had been sick for years and years and years. You knew men, so many men, who had died. Died in so many different ways. Died fast, died slow, died in agony, died without pain, died in a coma, died in full consciousness, died in a delirium, died in complete sanity, died in doubt, died in the faith, died in a state of spiritual uncertainty (to put it as mildly as possible) died in a state of peace with God and the world.

You were learning to live again, but of those who remained most of them were still learning to die. Why were you picked to live and they to die? The answer, of course, was that they had also been picked to live, and you had also been picked to die. They had lived in the past, and you would die in the future. What difference did it make really if you or they lived a few years more, a few years less? Compared with eternity, it was about the amount of time it would take you to snap your fingers once. Or half of that.

There was plenty of time for them, and too much time for you, to learn the things that were really important. If it was happiness you looked for, they could be far happier far sooner than you. You were free in the world, but you were also a slave—a slave to the world, or a slave to the truth, or more likely, a slave to one now, one then, and to both at once. It was they who could really be free. And they alone.

Restrictive Covenants and Brotherhood

The Most Reverend BERNARD J. SHEIL

TO BELIEVE in the intrinsic truth of the brotherhood of man presupposes and admits of a prior belief in the essential truth of the Fatherhood of God. For there can be no relationship of brotherhood that does not stem from the mutuality of fatherhood. Men are brothers not because of some mystic unity growing out of emotionalism, but because they proceed from a common origin—God. Strip from the

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brotherhood of man the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and you leave only a meaningless husk: a set of nice but acquired mannerisms that may easily be discarded without fear of consequence. Deny the Fatherhood of God as the one and only basis for our common brotherhood and you open wide the door to the racial insanity of the *"super-man"* and all of the hatred, brutality and violence that follow inevitably in its wake.

We have just finished a horrendous world conflict in which a system of government, predicated upon the denial of the brotherhood of man in the Fatherhood of God, came within sight of total victory. All through that portion of the global action in which we as a nation participated, we trumpeted forth from many rostrums and on numerous occasions our deep and abiding faith and belief in that great moral principle. We pointed with pardonable pride to our system of government, a great republic dedicated to the principles of democracy, and boldly enunciated that in the *land of the free and home of the brave,* all men were equal.

Even as we proudly announced our virtue, we realized that it was not completely true. But we had our fingers crossed; we shouted it as a tocsin and a rallying cry. Many of us, in our hearts, sensed the hypocrisy inherent in such lip-service, but assuaged our conscience by promising ourselves that, when the danger had been averted and the enemy defeated, America would move confidently forward to the fulfillment of the age-old dream. Our enemies knew of the inconsistencies between our brave words and our innocuous actions and utilized these contradictions in their propaganda. Yet, America in the moment of its greatest danger really did believe in the ultimate triumph of what Gunnar Myrdal in his monumental work termed *"The American Creed." "For when the Devil is sick, the Devil a monk would be."* With pious thoughts and democratic ejaculations we made mental note of things to be done in the peaceful future when the term *duration* would have been dropped from our national vocabulary.

High on the list of those things awaiting our attention when the war would have ended was the problem of the Negro; or rather, the problem of white America's attitude toward colored America. We felt, and our hearts were warm and a feeling of goodwill permeated our entire being, that when the fighting was over we would easily move to smash this glaring anomaly in our national life.

The war finally drew to a victorious conclusion: . . . and FEPC went down to inglorious defeat. Our young men ceased to die on the muddy fields of Germany and on the coral beaches of the South Pacific . . . and the anti-poll-tax bill was allowed to languish and die in the congressional hopper. Young colored Americans no longer had the opportunity to prove their love for their country by winning decorations for gallantry and bravery . . . and those Americans who continued to plead for the establishment of a fair employment practices act, who begged that colored Americans be given an opportunity to cast their ballot, found themselves stigmatized as "crackpots" or communists by United States Senators whose only claim to fame lay in the fact that they had obtained their tattered senatorial togas through state elections in which only a scant percentage of the eligible voters participated. This was the shocking answer of white America to the plea for racial justice.

The time has come to face the facts and face them squarely. Brotherhood is but a shibboleth tossed on the wind if we are not prepared to accept the responsibilities inherent in it. How can we dare hope to establish a world peace and world order based on justice if we cannot establish internal peace and order based on justice? Furthermore, it is the most stupid kind of hypocrisy to proffer the "lily-white" hand of friendship to a world predominately colored and at the very moment when our hand is extended be guilty of the most vicious kind of discrimination against these, our darker brothers. It is high time we cease vitiating our moral principles by dehumanizing actions and move to correct the tragic consequences that have grown out of such actions.

In the hideous question of restrictive covenants we are faced with a problem that far transcends the question of democratic rights. It is one of the most basic factors mitigating against inter-racial harmony. Moreover, and this is the most important element in the entire problem, its solution is essentially a question of simple justice and charity. How we eventually answer this question will plainly reveal whether we really love our neighbor or merely tolerate his existence. The God-given right of every human being to an existence on a plane equal to his dignity as a child of God must of necessity be our guiding rule. Yet, the whole theory of restrictive covenants ruthlessly ignores this divinely ordained principle.

The mere existence of what we have come to term (with an understandable sense of national shame) "Christian ghettoes" is an absolute negation not only of the American Creed but of Christianity itself. The defenseless people whom we have caused to be walled in behind the legalistic concentration camps of America are mute witness to how far we have drifted from the original command, *"Love one another."* When we shallowly attempt to justify and rationalize such "ghetto" tactics on the loose and shifting grounds of economic realism and expediency, we stand condemned of the very crimes of which we accused nazi Germany.

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To the weak and futile argument contained in the promise of protecting "neighborhood property values," I can do nothing better than quote from Father George H. Dunne's magnificent article of recent date,* *"The Sin of Segregation"*:

> It is said that people have the right to protect the value and desirability of their homes by preventing undesirable characters from invading the neighborhood. The tattered shreds of this well-worn argument ill conceal the naked sophistry underneath. Like all the other analogies, it ignores the essential difference between *racial* segregation and other kinds of segregation. Granting for the sake of argument the right to keep moral delinquents or slovenly housekeepers out of the neighborhood, the question is: "Upon what ground do you refuse admittance to one who is neither a moral delinquent nor a slovenly housekeeper and whose only offense is that he has Negro ancestors?" And the answer is: It is because you falsely and unjustly assume that the fact of Negro ancestry is itself a form of uncleanness. Establish your residential restrictions upon whatever other basis you choose—moral conduct, social grace, physical cleanliness, or domestic propriety. None of these restrictions imply the existence of a people whose nature is itself unclean. . . . The sophistry and hypocrisy of those who defend residential segregation by appealing to their right to maintain a proper standard of morals, of cleanliness or of beauty surrounding their homes is made manifest by the undoubted fact that these same people, for the most part, would prefer a white neighbor who violated all of their standards to a Negro neighbor who more than measured up to their most stringent demands. . . . A white debauchee will be admitted when a Negro saint would never be tolerated.

To list the evils which grow out of restrictive covenants is to enumerate the sins against charity of which we, the white population, have been guilty. Poor health, improper housing, disease, crime, to mention only a few, are the inevitable products of racial segregation. Coupled with the physical maladjustments are the numerous mental conditions imposed on both the white and Negro public by this un-Christian way of life. Racial fear and unrest, bitterness, friction, distrust—these are but a few of the many psychical neuroses which stem from restrictive covenants.

It is sickening to realize that, at the base, restrictive covenants and all of the other inhuman racial practices to which we have become inured are diametrically and blatantly opposed to every concept of Christian ethics. It is idle for those who engage in such racial practices to plead ignorance of the Christian teachings. They know, although they would undoubtedly desire to forget, that it was just such actions which Jesus Christ condemned when he warned: *"Whatsoever you do unto the least of these, my brethren, you have done unto Me."* When smug, complacent idolators of the status quo, or so-called defenders of property rights deny to any human being the opportunity to live on terms of honest, objective equality, they are denying the Son of God. It is disheartening to have to acknowledge that other-

* THE COMMONWEAL, September 21, 1945.

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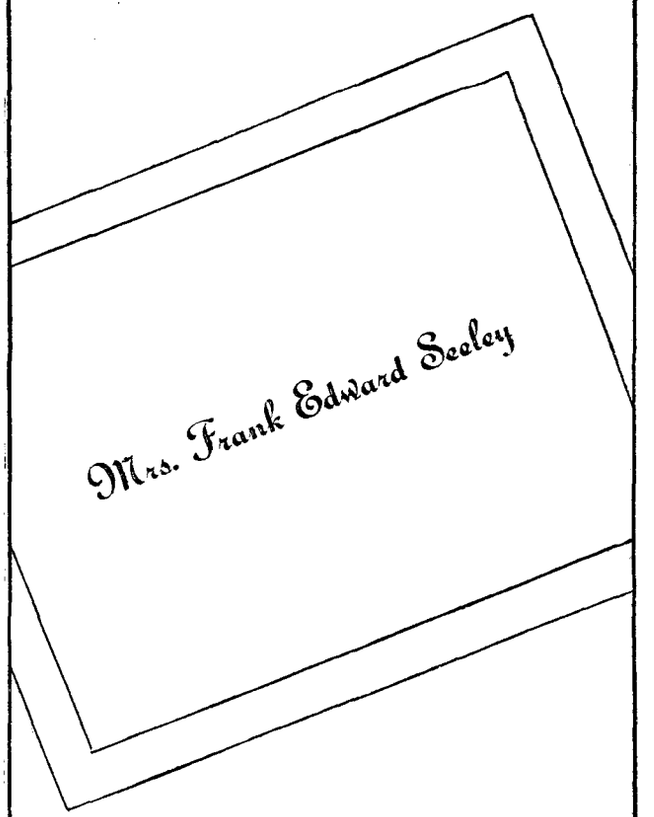

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wise good Christians completely ignore this stricture when brought face to face with the consequences of racial discrimination and blithely continue to interpose their own petty, unjustifiable prejudices.

I have said before, and I repeat, that the churches of all religious denominations cannot be absolved from blame for the fact that social injustice, racial and economic inequality still remain as entrenched obstacles to the complete development of the American Creed. The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man are basic dogmas of the Christian faith. Moreover, they are and must be the very source of our entire Christian way of life. Failure to understand this is failure to grasp the very core of Christianity. Nor does this principle offer any room for compromise. Too often in the past religious leaders, under the plea of prudence have failed to appreciate or to teach fearlessly what the brotherhood of man means in terms of simple justice and charity for the poor, the underprivileged and the oppressed. Too much respect for the local banker, industrialist, realty operator or politician has caused them to be silent when the teachings of Christ should have been literally shouted from the house-tops. It is true that the Gospel is to be preached to all men of all stations of life, but it must be the same Gospel offered without suspicion of concession or surrender.

There is a time for the exercise of the virtue of prudence. There is also a time for courageous thinking and action; but there is never a time for compromising with fundamental moral principles. Either we believed and meant what we announced to the world concerning the dignity of man and the essential community of his nature, or it is a lie. If we meant it then let us, for the love of God, begin to practice it, honestly and objectively.

The Screen

"Sumer Is Icumen In"

FREQUENTLY during the summer season, Hollywood releases go into a decline; no doubt the profit-wise studios prefer to keep their best films for when they won't have to compete with citronella and sunburn lotions. So I am glad to report that there are several good movies (which I have already seen) scheduled for release in July and August and that this week three bright new comedies are all set to bring a note of gaiety to your hot-weather doldrums.

While the opening scenes of *"Cluny Brown"* are rather forced in humor and slow in action, this film on the whole is really a delight. If you always wondered what exactly is meant by the "Lubitsch touch," this is the movie to clarify the phrase; for Ernst Lubitsch produced and directed, and the picture is full of surprises, brilliant satirical jabs, little jokes and completely unexpected inflections in the reading of a line or the tone of a situation. Of course Margery Sharp's book, the script made from it by Samuel Hoffenstein and Elizabeth Reinhardt, and the extraordinarily fine cast deserve credit too for the picture's unceasing mirth; but Mr. Lubitsch's deft hand is evident again and again. Although the plot, about the attractive (but thoroughly unpredictable) city girl who becomes a parlor maid on an English country estate, is slight, it is the story's trimming, its satire and characterizations that provide the film's main charm. In spite of his rôle being vaguely written (or maybe because of this as well as frequent lack of motivation) Charles Boyer plays the pixilated Czech refugee to the hilt and exhibits a sense of humor that was only suggested in past films for which he became known as "bedroom eyes." He handles dialogue beautifully—whether he's ribbing his English hosts, explaining his unconventional philosophy of feeding squirrels to the nuts, or just displaying goodwill when Reginald Gardiner is distraught that Miss Cluny Brown arrived, instead of a plumber, to fix the kitchen drain. The casual Czech assures him with: "Well, she's not dressed for plumbing, but what woman is?" Jennifer Jones looks mighty sweet and pretty as the scatter-brained girl with a yen for plumbing; but at times I found her performance exaggerated, so much so that Cluny was frequently out of character and almost a burlesque of the girl she was supposed to be. But this does not spoil the film's wonderful satire or fun-poking at the English. Very few movies have so successfully, and at the same time unmaliciously, laughed at all classes without discrimination: the landed gentry, the riding set who "sit on a horse well" (played to perfection by Reginald Owen, Margaret Bannerman, Peter Lawford, Helen Walker), the stuffy middle class (Richard Haydn, Una O'Connor), the snobbish servants of the upper classes (Sara Allgood, Ernest Cossart). Since all this happens in 1938, with "Europe on the brink," the picture gives a few sharp political digs too. But "Cluny Brown" is principally a well-tempered laugh at people and their foibles. Its moral, if any: "Your place is wherever you're happy."

If you enjoyed "It Happened One Night," you'll most likely enjoy *"Without Reservations,"* another cross-country romantic affair that is not unaware of the successful pattern of 1934's Oscar winner. The new picture has assets of its own, such as the well-aimed jibes at authors of best-sellers, publishers, and film makers who snatch up literary successes. I guess John Q. Public gets razzed too; maybe he even deserves the kind of publicity that book and movie makers hand out. Kit (Claudette Colbert), the idealistic author of a book on returned veterans, is Hollywood-bound when she meets a couple of Marines (John Wayne, Don DeFore) who upset her theories about returning fighters. So of course she wants Wayne to play the hero of her movie, and then she complicates things further by falling in love with him. Producer-director Mervyn LeRoy has guided his good cast and light amusing story with a nice flare for comedy. At times the script gets a bit talky, and the film drags in the middle. But things soon pick up again. Famous

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Hollywood personalities like Cary Grant, Louella Parsons and Jack Benny slide in and out gracefully and add to the fun. Anne Triola, a very gay comedienne, steals several scenes by doing a ruthless impersonation of a boy-crazy stenog. She is referred to as "a beetle" by the Marines because of her obstinate manner and success in getting into GIs' hair.

If you like the Marx Brothers as much as I do, you'll probably laugh as much as I did at *"A Night in Casablanca."* And I don't think all this laughter is due to the fact that we haven't seen the zany threesome for so long. Their material is exceptionally good this time, even if the boys themselves do pretty much the same things they've always done. The script is none too gentle in kidding various spy-and-chase films of the war genre—and most of these deserve just the razzing they get. A lovely newcomer by the name of Lisette Verea helps out considerably with the story and proves attractive for herself too. Of course the Brothers Marx are the main attraction. Harpo is as dilly as ever, still plucks a mean harp and talklessly does some of his funniest charade stunts. Chico has lost none of his flare for the piano. His "Beer Barrel Polka" and his clowning throughout the pic. are in his brightest tradition. But it is always Groucho, with his bent-knee walk and reckless puns, who keeps me in stitches. As a master spy, his antics may prove disconcerting to any future stars who plan on doing spy films. If you like 'em, the Marxes are better than an apple-a-day. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Top Secret. Ralph Ingersoll. Harcourt. $3.00.

DEFINITIVE chronicles of great military campaigns require the confluence of technical skills and long, intensive research. Therefore it is remarkable that Ralph Ingersoll, an amateur in the art of war, has already completed a *tour-de-force* about the conduct of the Allied European campaigns from the Invasion to V-E Day. The extrasensory perception of an expert newspaperman of course helped. So did his service in the strategic and tactical planning sections of several senior commands, as American observer attached to General Sir Bernard Montgomery's staff, in General Bradley's field headquarters and in various combat outfits.

The story begins with the months before the Normandy assault and the travails of the American planners as they found themselves in the political and social coils of British high policy makers, who wanted (1) to delay the invasion and (2) to run the whole show when it did come. D Day and its succeeding "D plus" days are revealed in all their electricity and drama, and also as moves on the military chess-board. Similarly with the successive campaigns, both American and British, Montgomery is shown as an opportunist, boor and mediocre commander, Bradley a master tactician largely responsible for the ultimate Allied victory. Eisenhower loses some of his luster—on occasion he was indecisive, he was inordinately influenced by the British and he was inclined to caution where audacity was indicated. "Georgie" Patton is sketched as child-like in his impetuousness but a consummate master of the motorized break-through. Ingersoll's appraisals of top-drawer military personalities are never stuck in for the purpose of narrative effect—they are always supplementary to the main job of mature evaluation of the conduct of the war itself. So with his judgment of high military politics, particularly on the part of the British. Of the latter he says, "They (like the Americans) also sought to destroy the armed forces of the Axis—but only by the employment of such strategy as would best further the highly complex economic and political interests of the British Empire. In the chemical sense of the word, there is simply no such thing as a 'pure' military objective—at least there is no such thing in any military action larger than a skirmish. The British *always* mix political with military motives."

For much of his book, Ingersoll, the military expert, disciplines himself to submerge the Ingersoll who is editor of PM. Near the end, however, his restraint completely comes apart with a searching analysis of the fundamental lessons to be learned from the purely military aspects of the war. Lesson number one: "During the war, the British attempted to manipulate our military policy so that we would fight the war the way they wanted it fought—which was an anti-Russian way. They did not succeed. Now, with equal determination, they are attempting to manipulate American foreign policy to link our future irretrievably with theirs. If they succeed, and if there is a third World War, we will surely fight it for them—against the Russians." Page Mr. Gromyko!

"Top Secret" was begun only a few months after the end of the European campaign and Ingersoll obviously had access only to source material that was generally available; and furthermore, he did not submit his manuscript to the professional military for criticism. That is what makes the scholarship of his work so striking. This reviewer is not qualified to compare the technical competence of "Top Secret" with a classic like, say, Liddell Hart's military history of World War I. One predicts, however, that if it is not made required reading for our future generals at the "Point," it will at least be read by generations of Plebes and/or First Classmen, with much profit. Ingersoll makes of military writing a fine art. The word for it is virtuosity. HARVEY J. BRESLER.

THEATRE GUILD'S PRODUCTIONS
THE MUSICAL HIT
CAROUSEL
Music by Richard Rodgers • Books & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2d • Directed by Reuben Mamoulian • Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harold Keel — Iva Withers
Jean Darling • Eric Mattson • Christine Johnson • Jean Casto
Air Cond. MAJESTIC Theatre 44th St. W. of Broadway, Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Thursday & Saturday at 2:30

THE MUSICAL HIT
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers • Books & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2d • Directed by Reuben Mamoulian • Dances by Agnes de Mille
Jack Kilty • Joseph Buloff • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
Air Cond. ST. JAMES Theatre 44th St. W. of Broadway, Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Thursday & Saturday at 2:30

"A smash hit of enormous proportions."—Ward Morehouse, Sun
MAX GORDON Presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The New Comedy Hit by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-5256.
Evgs 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:40

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The Crystal Boat. Dorothy Erskine. Fischer. $2.50.

IN THIS decade of pullulating historical novels—three of which recently have sold over a million copies, it is worth wondering by what alchemy some come off and many do not. Dorothy Erskine's first novel, written in the jargon of the old chroniclers, is certainly an astonishing *tour-de-force,* being so exact an imitation that when she cites William de Wyntoun *verbatim* there is absolutely no break in the flow of the narrative.

The story of Janet and Guibert and King Alexander of Scotland is dated around 1283, "when the stone of destiny still stood at Scone." Those were the times when the rich riever must do justice with his wealth; when, if a serf's lord refused to be broch or bail for him, after ninety days the serf might go free. In those days David, chief of McConnla, had married a proud French wench, kin to the King's mother. David was gladsome enough of his creel castle, builded of a wall plate of uprights driven into ground and over and under laced with a vast network or interlaced supple twigs and wands, but for Adelaide de Coucy he built a little stone camera that was the wonder of the neighbors. She sickened before she could joy in it, and after her death she was sealed therein and she and the worms kept royal state together in the humid darkness. David's daughter Janet grew to be twelve years old amongst her brood of wild brothers. (Is her resemblance to Noi, the twelve-year-old girl David the King seduced in Gladys Schmitt's best-seller wholly accidental?) Janet, like Noi, falls for a stranger, an excommunicate monk, Guibert, who struck his abbot, perchance fatally. For Guibert was compassionate to small creatures, be they children or ducks, and his abbot had scourged a seven-year-old boy, after taking his pleasure with him on a soft carpet before the fire. Guibert's heart was right sore at the ill-usage meted to children: how they were given to be monks before they could talk. If they were sleepy at Nocturnes, they were beaten with smooth osiers, and they that beat them took pleasure in their cruelty. Guibert bethought him to seek sanctuary amongst the Kele-Dei, heretical hermits living in Highland fastnesses, defying the Pope and the Romish bishops. But he tarried a full year with Janet, until she was full-breasted. When he was gone, Janet fled, to her father's sister, the Prioress Anna, a fine chatterer, that gave the girl to the King. Janet jogs with the royal cavalcade through a sullen downpour; the foreign, false, barren queen is on a milk-white mule with gold harness and trappings of scarlet samite. They come to Edinburgh, whose narrow lanes are foul with blood and offal and human excrement and the droppings of beasts over all. After the round table at Stirling, Janet is rieved of her virginity by the king; he is good to her, but all the court women league against her. Alexander sails for Norroway, and Janet is brought to bed of a son. The Queen breaks into her chamber, an ill smile on her face, to take the queer bit red thing, that seems the king in miniature, but to Janet is right lovesome. To hide it from the evil queen Janet smothers it, then strikes the queen that forced her to do away with her own child. Janet is to be hanged, but Malcolm the King's leech and Guibert save her, and Janet aged fifteen and Guibert now twenty-eight seek sanctuary in England, walking hand-in-hand through the April countryside, Guibert joying in his leman Janet. He takes deathly hurt from lifting a stallion from off a wicked man; Janet journeys on alone to London and raises him a fine tomb.

This book only just misses. The story holds; atmosphere and background are scholarly and masterly; the language is haunting, and some scenes are poignantly alive—the baby's death, Guibert's death. But the final impact is plain dull. Perhaps it should have been written in French—it is not unlike Bédier's Tristan, or Péguy's Joan of Arc, or any Claudel. The sameness of the metre, the length of the paragraphs, the monotony of agglomerating irrelevant detail around each person in order to center them, tire mind and eye. And maybe the total lack of humor and the cloying language might cumber the reader less in a more artificial tongue. Or is it that such writing was in keeping with the taste of readers at the turn of the century—but now seems stale and dated? Few people today can stomach even the great originals—the Morte d'Arthur or Chaucer—after a certain age. Yet Helen Waddell came very near to triumph in much the same convention, with her "Peter Abelard," and of course Michael Fairless's "The Gathering of Brother Hilarious" still rates many an adolescent tear. Spiced with salacious scenes, and peppered with naughty words as it is, "The Crystal Boat" is a queer bit boresome.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

The State and Catholic Thought. Heinrich Rommen. Herder. $6.00.

A SPEAKER at a recent forum remarked that in his opinion too many American Catholics were neo-Jeffersonians—by which he meant that, both by tradition and by reason of our legitimate reaction to totalitarianism, too many of us are uncritically suspicious of the State. He was describing a kind of vague distrust and suspicion which is analogous, if you will, to the attitude of the anti-clerical towards the Church. He might have added that this so-called neo-Jeffersonianism (with apologies to Jefferson) is sometimes most pronounced in those who are the loudest in their denunciation of anti-clericalism.

Dr. Rommen's splendid treatise in political philosophy is an admirable corrective to both of these uncritical attitudes and more particularly, of course, to the first. Dr. Rommen has exhaustively covered every conceivable problem in political philosophy under four general headings: Philosophical Foundations; The Philosophy of the State; Church and State; and The Community of Nations. The entire book is worth reading—indeed there is reason to contend that it is the most important Catholic book of the year—but both Church and State will benefit immeasurably if only the first of Rommen's headings (Philosophical Foundations) is mastered with all its corollaries.

There is nothing substantially new in his statement of the philosophical foundations of the State, but by dint of emphasis and repetition he does surround the State with that majesty and dignity which are due to a natural and a perfect society. "The origin of the State," he says, "lies in the rational, social nature of man. In the nature of man. This means that it is not original sin, the fall of man, which gives birth to the State. Since Saint Augustine, it has been common doctrine that, even if Adam had not sinned there would be state and law, and that in the state of pure nature before the Fall men would have organized themselves in a state. State is therefore independent of grace. This doctrine means further that the state remains necessary, too, for the redeemed; for grace does not destroy nature or make its essential socio-political institutions superfluous, as some sects think. The citizen's loyalty to the government is, moreover, in-

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dependent of whether or not the ruler is a Christian, and the duties of subjects to the political authority are duties of natural law, which are independent of the quality of the citizen as a Christian."

It is suggested that this single paragraph implicitly points to the solution of many of the major problems with which the political philosopher and the politician are confronted. Only two or three of these problems can be indicated in a brief review.

In the first place, it points to the deep-seated and very subtle fallacy of which Rommen later describes as political theology—that vicious theory which led Maurras into heresy and which even today inspires certain more orthodox Christians, while stopping short of heresy, to condemn democracy and republican institutions in the name of theology. There is another type of political theology which more recently made certain Christians sympathetic toward Mussolini and Hitler until these two unlamented dictators ungenerously invaded the rights of revealed religion, and still another variation which tempts the Christian (and very often the most "pious" Christian) to evade his responsibilities in the temporal order. "All theologies," Rommen says, "adhering to the doctrine of *natura deleta* and consequently rejecting natural theology, natural ethics, and natural law, have a characteristic trait. They have either a positive political theology of monarchic or republican theocracy or the passive quietist abandonment of the state, of the power, of the world, to itself as incapable of being 'Christianized,' with a retreat into a personal individual religion or into a religious group-life separated from this 'world,' forever surrendered to the power of evil."

The solution to the vexing problem of Church and State is likewise indicated in that initial paragraph. If Catholics are in favor of the union of Church and State, they owe it to themselves and to the rather quarrelsome editors of the *Christian Century* to say more precisely than they have ever done before what type of union they are not and cannot be in favor of. They are not and cannot be in favor of a union which would merge and identify the two, for both Church and State are perfect societies in their own right. Each has its own prerogatives and its own proper functions which cannot and must not be arrogated to the other. If Catholics are in favor of a union between the Church and the State which, while respecting the independence of each in its own proper order, would nevertheless recognize the Catholic religion as the religion of the people, they are decidedly not in favor of even that type of union unless and until certain very definite conditions are fulfilled. Rommen explains these conditions as follows: "It needs no proof that such a union is possible as a practical policy only where the people of the state are in great majority Catholics. Yet under this condition the union is actually no problem at all, but simply a truism. Therefore it would be wrong to say that such a union between State and Church is a necessity or should always take place. The condemned thesis 55 of the Syllabus of 1864 (the Church should be separated from the State, and the State from the Church) does not imply this. The true thesis would demand that the circumstances be considered. Saint Robert Bellarmine expressly states that State and Church may live in union or in separation, because fundamentally each can exist without the other. Yet this fact does not nullify the principle that the ideal status is the union between Church and State whenever the circumstances allow it, and that the separation is never *in abstracto* an ideal status. From this it follows that the circumstances make the actual separation of State and Church a tolerable or even a salutary status in the concrete interest of the common good as well as in the interest of the Church." Catholics and Protestants alike have much to learn from Dr. Rommen's balanced and extensive review of this very controversial subject, which has already stirred up entirely too much unnecessary bitterness in American life. Bishop Oxnam and Mr. Clayton Morrison would probably sleep more peacefully at night if they fully understood the Catholic position in the sense in which Dr. Rommen presents it.

Closely allied to the problem of Church and State is that other explosive problem of religious toleration about which Father Courtney Murray is writing so intelligently and so learnedly in *Theological Studies*. Again, Rommen's approach is balanced and incisive. It is required reading for the many publicists who are more or less unsuccessfully trying their hand at a solution to the problem.

Dr. Rommen's approach is consistently the "natural law" approach. The reader will not agree with all of the corollaries which he draws from the natural law, and, as a matter of fact, earlier reviewers have already questioned some of his specific conclusions. But, apart from minor criticisms (such as, for example, the relative weakness and inadequacy of its approach to international problems), the over-all value of the book can hardly be exaggerated. The present review has had to be eclectic. A dozen other features of the book might well have been singled out for special consideration—e.g., its encouraging emphasis on the importance of Christian social reform and its instructive commentary on Pope Pius XI's vocational group system.

The reviewer is not acquainted to any great extent with European contributions in the field of political philosophy, but he would hazard the guess that Dr. Rommen's thoroughgoing treatment of the subject will compare favorably with the best of them. Certainly it is superior to almost any other recent volume on the subject in the English language. If read as a theoretical preface or sequel to the more historical works of scholars such as Sturzo, Binchy and others, it's the equivalent of a well-rounded university education in a science which Hitler (to give the devil his due!) has forced all of us, victors and vanquished alike, to reexamine very thoroughly in the light of the natural law against the background of Christian tradition.

The book will provide small comfort to those who are more enamored of the Christian past than concerned with its future, just as it will rankle and provoke the well-meaning secularist who is so concerned with the future that he forgets or disdains his Christian origins and his Christian heritage. It will be particularly gratifying, on the other hand, to those who subscribe with varying degrees of clarity and vision to what Maritain calls an integral humanism and to what Sturzo and Ryan and Verdier and de Andrea and a host of other providential leaders have labored so heroically to establish in the almost terrifyingly complicated context of the modern industrial world.

It is the proper function of political philosophy to resolve that eternal dilemma upon the horns of which the present generation is probably more precariously im-

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paled than any other generation in history: the dilemma of the State versus the individual. The recent victory of the Allies, if it did nothing else, prevented the vanquished from resolving it arbitrarily in favor of the State. It did not, of course, provide a guarantee that some of us will not try to resolve it, with equally unlovely results, in favor of the individual without sufficient regard for the common good and the general welfare. It merely gave us a breathing spell—some say our last—in which to resolve it intelligently and with courage in favor of the social nature of man, with all that that concept implies in terms of an expanding social justice within the framework of an organically organized commonwealth.

This is the particular value of Dr. Rommen's book, that it learnedly spells out and elaborates upon the corollaries of the social nature of men, which is the keystone of political philosophy. Students will reject or qualify some of the author's conclusions, but anyone who deems it his business and his duty to apply the Pope's Christmas Message of 1944 (On Democracy) will be grateful for the guidance and the insight which Dr. Rommen so abundantly provides. GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

The Bulwark. Theodore Dreiser. Doubleday. $2.75.

THIS posthumously published novel, the author's first in twenty years, adds nothing to Dreiser's reputation and will puzzle his ardent disciples. For "The Bulwark" is one of those half-born books which writers have a way of treasuring and at intervals reworking, but which seldom see the light of day in their own lifetimes. It is an unkind fate which permits the publication of unsuccessful work after the close of a distinguished career. "The Bulwark" was first announced thirty years ago, at the close of Dreiser's most productive period, and was to be part of his fictional study of the transformation of America by capitalism at the turn of the century. It is the story of Solon Barnes, an earnest young Quaker with an eye to the main chance, who sees his economic success made empty by the disintegration of the values he cherishes in the twentieth century world in which his children grow up. Their personal tragedies revive a faith that had become complacent with success, in a conclusion very different from that of most of Dreiser's books, which reflect his own naturalistic revolt against tradition and authority. But the book is largely lifeless; its drama undeveloped. It carries no conviction, for Dreiser was better at depicting revolt than affirmation. This is a book about Quakerism, but a far better picture of that faith emerge from Jessamyn West's far less pretentious and and more eloquent book, "The Friendly Persuasion." Either the subject or the unfinished character of the book is responsible for an unanticipated variation from Dreiser's wonted elephantine prose. "The Bulwark's" simplicity is the greatest strength of a weak book. MASON WADE.

With Cradle and Clock. Knud Stowman. Harper. $2.50.

IN A tapestry which is subtly fragrant, blue with verdure and brown with rocks and heath, extending narrowly from the harbor of New York in 1702 to where City Hall now stands, Mr. Stowman has deftly woven his skein of colors. The shades of Dutch burgher life; the dusty tones of English aristocracy, indifference, decay; the chiaroscuro of the rough waterfront and of piracy on the high seas, are all composed and blended with patience and skill. Moreover it is as if the old fabric had been cleaned, and we can perceive the ancient scene as a contemporary might, vividly, informally, informed. We almost forget, indeed, that they are still wearing flounces.

Into this society, primed with the newly discovered science of obstetrics and fresh from Leyden and Paris, Johnathan Kent comes. How full of implication in human life are those two short words, *sage-femme,* reaching backwards into witchcraft and downwards into the deep alchemy of human emotions. The impact of the "man-midwife" (as they called him) upon tradition was to scratch convention and reveal the savagery below.

Mr. Stowman carries the parallel of human birth deep into the fabric of the book. The safe delivery by the hand of science of the children of growing New York, born to become the City's proud fathers, is a symbol of the birth of the City itself. For this Johnathan Kent fought, loved and toiled, and suffered injustice and calumny with the carefree certainty that fate would vindicate him. The destiny of these children cannot be followed here, and so with graceful touch is left unasked and unanswered, the allegory of the present and future greatness of that greatest of modern cities, at whose birth in these short enchanted pages, we assist.

CHRISTOPHER FREMANTLE.

Values For Survival. Lewis Mumford. Harcourt. $3.00.

MR. MUMFORD, as his readers know, is not difficult to classify. He is an opponent of the mechanistic and materialist interpretation of life, and an advocate of a reaffirmation of objective moral standards, with a radical reeducation of modern man as the sole hope of salvation. This is the consistent thread in this series of essays that were written from 1938 to 1946, and which fall into three groups: (1) Essays on Politics, chiefly concerned with the author's interpretation of the liberal failure to perceive the moral issues in the recent conflict; (2) Addresses on Education, with an indictment of our academic system for its failure to prepare men and women adequately to meet the crisis of our age; (3) Five letters to "representative" Germans, written for the OWI in 1945 to give the American viewpoint on nazism to the defeated. All of the essays are dated, and are of varying importance, but contain permanent values that warrant their publication in a single volume.

Lewis Mumford is a forthright critic of modern culture, and is unsparing with his blows. His analysis of the liberal creed and of the dogma of progress are the best short treatments I have seen. He can sum up the dilemma of the utopian faced with contemporary evil, "Like the sundial, he [the liberal] cannot tell time on a rainy day." No prophet has ever castigated his people so severely. Our use of obliteration bombing and atomic weapons lost us "our moral superiority over our enemies" in respect to method. We have become a race of moral robots, practical nihilists, and are on the verge of becoming theoretical nihilists. The generation that fought in the war had been stripped of its heritage of universal values by its leaders in education and literature; and the disease which has appeared in malignant form in fascism has been slowly eating into the tissues of our democratic culture. To save our civilization, we must make the hardest sacrifice of all, by discarding our illusions about it. Nor can we do this without creating a philosophy and a religion capable of giving it unity and purpose. Nor has he any hope for the UN in its present form, which is compared to "putting an old-fashioned wagon brake on an 100 mph motor car."

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The author sees no difference between the Hitler and Stalin dictatorships, and a victory of either would be equally catastrophic. The Soviet Union is described as a "most savage despotism," and its partisans in this country as "incredibly arrogant, fanatical, unscrupulous, deeply contemptuous of essential human values." This the liberal fails to grasp: "A good part of the liberal gullibility about the achievements of the Russian revolution, in the face of its patent tyranny and totalitarianism, was due to the fact that, having been cheated of an absolute at home, the utopians needed a surrogate heaven which they could worship at a safe distance."

Obviously there is much that is controvertible in these packed pages. His demand for a moratorium on scientific invention and his plans for representation in a world organization are chimerical. He finds positive values in conflict and war, and would have us continue the struggle as long as the world is "part totalitarian, part free." He attacks the Vatican for its "friendship" with fascism, while the democracies were in peril." It is inconceivable that he does not know "Mit brennender Sorge" and "Non Abbiamo Bisogno," to name but two available documents.

Agree or disagree, Mr. Mumford will always stimulate, as his metaphors and allusions will always delight.

J. N. MOODY.

Before the Sun Goes Down. Elizabeth Metzger Howard. Doubleday. $2.75.

THE SURPRISING thing about this book is not that it hit the best-seller lists so soon after publication; that might have been expected of any such novel crowded with interesting characters, excitement and juicy gossip. But the surprising thing is that it won a prize from its publishers and M-G-M's annual novel award (which add up to a lot of dough). For the book has neither literary merit nor outstanding cinema values. The latter of course can be instilled when M-G-M gets around to weeding out some of the sub-plots.

Without really plumbing the depths, Elizabeth Metzger Howard relates the events of one year (1880 and 81) in a small, cozy Pennsylvania town that remains after 378 pages of description, characterization and incidents galore, as flat as a tinsel-coated idyllic Christmas card. Mrs. Howard tries very hard to make us see that things are not actually as secure and comfy as they seem in Willowspring. Her all-inclusive story, about the haves and have-nots and their children, stresses the barriers between classes—not only the physical ones like the railroad tracks that divide the Negroes and poor whites from the middle class and aristocracy, but also artificial barriers like anti-Semitism, the color line and social distinction completely false in a country like ours. The book's central figure is Dr. Dan Field who knows practically every man, woman and child in town and surrounding country, since it is he who gets around most from group to group as the story works overtime to acquaint us with practically every man, woman and child. Although Dr. Field has a pronounced reverence for the Old South (where aristocracy was honest and called a slave a slave) and although he deplores injustice in Willowspring and the circumstances that result in a near-lynching, a stoning by the mob, a suicide and many other examples indicating something rotten in this nice little town, he still has great hopes for the future. And he relies on the younger generation to destroy inequalities and the barriers, real and artificial.

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Next Week

MINUTES ON OUR DESTINY, II, by Ely Culbertson, undertakes a big order. It presents in informal conversational style a simple three-point UN plan, which, to quote page 211 of this issue, will "establish a central authority strong enough to prevent aggression, strong enough to override the forces of power politics, strong enough to curb the anarchy of sovereign states . . . and it is the governments of the sovereign states themselves that have to establish it. . . . " All this within the five year limit which Mr. Culbertson sees as essential if we are to prevent an all-out atomic war.

INDIAN TERRITORY CATTLE BIZZNESS, by T. D. Lyons, is another warm reminiscence of the Oklahoma Territory of forty years ago. One of the most famous law cases of that day had to do with a cattleman's widow whose herd in less than four years dwindled from thousands of head to a few hundred under the administration of her late husband's partner. One of the best yarns of a land noted for its good stories.

Also comment of the week, the Labor Movement and the latest on books, plays and movies.

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The author's heart is in the right place in preaching tolerance and understanding; but one wonders as she goes on and on in her repetitive sentimental prose covering the lives of these people (particularly their sex lives) if she isn't emphasizing the scandal angle for scandal's sake. There's great difference between her handling of small town secrets and the handling of similar subjects in "Winesburg, Ohio" and "Our Town." While one may be suspicious of Mrs. Howard's purple prose, one can still hopefully agree with Dr. Field's conclusion as the book closes: "But these children who are growing up, before the sun goes down on their day, the four corners of the earth will meet and the skies will be no higher than their heads." PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Cantico. Jorge Guillen. Macmillan. $3.75.

THIS is a beautiful collection of poems embodying a great deal of the best of the old and new schools. It is lyrical, emotional and musical in feeling, polished and streamlined in form. It is evident that the poet is deeply sensitive to life about him and unusually articulate. He splashes words like brilliant colors on his canvass of the world.

Even more interesting than the volume itself is the idea behind its release here, since it is the first time, I believe, that any American publisher has imported a Spanish edition. Will the public respond? Is there enough interest in the Spanish language to make such a venture a success? And if so, isn't poetry a poor choice as an introduction? It has always seemed to me that a reading knowledge of a language can cope with prose, but hardly with the elusive quantity which is verse. I would like to suggest that the next choice be something more readily comprehensible to the average Spanish-minded American. LULÚ VARGAS VILA.

States of Grace. Francis Steegmuller. Reynal. $2.50.

AN IRISH-AMERICAN parish in Egypt, presided over by a Catholic, Mrs. Proudie whom Trollope himself would chuckle to read about, is the fantastic scene of this novel. The characters are an agreeable set of bounders, excepting the earnest and bewildered Father Philip, and they skate on the thin ice over the Pit with practiced grace. The tone of light irony never relaxes, and the single scene which approximates seriousness of intention deals with Father Philip's sudden realization of the greatness of the classic past as he stands in Mr. Giannini's antiquities shop. More of this and less of nasty Freddy would have made "States of Grace" a better novel. J. G. E. HOPKINS.

CONTRIBUTORS

Ely CULBERTSON, the expert on bridge, has for many years been devoting himself to the problems of world organization; his most recent book is "Must We Fight Russia?"
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